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ILLUSTRATION

**OF THE PRESENT PERNICIOUS MODE
OF FASHIONABLE PRACTICE OF
MEDICINE. WITH PLATES.**

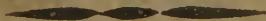
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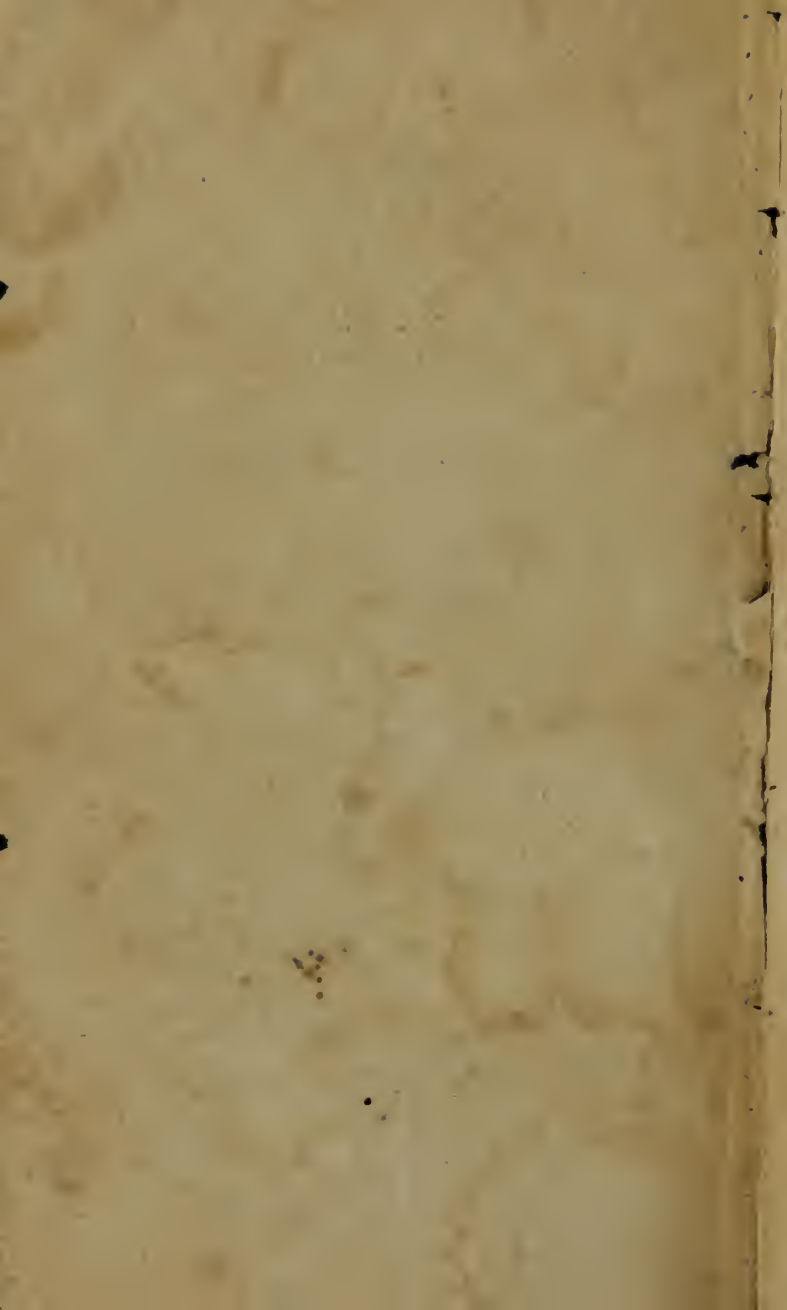
**Between an Apothecary and a Physician, on the
subject of the statute regulating the practice
of Physic and Surgery.**

AFTER WHICH IS ADDED

A FEW BRIEF ANECDOTES.



**ALBANY:
1828.**



PREFACE.

HEALTH is unquestionably the greatest temporal blessing conferred on man. Mankind are liable to such a variety of diseases, that the utility and necessity of remedies are obviously indicated. The Author of nature has suffered the malady, and provided the antidote. This remark is exemplified in the case of a venomous bite. It may be inferred then, that if one disorder is curable, there are substances provided for the cure of every disease incident to the human body. The brute creation, when sick, are taught by instinct when and where to apply for relief ; but man, being possessed of rational faculties, is left to discover remedies by observation, experience, and reason. It being admitted that such remedies do exist, the important inquiry is, are they known, and in use ? Alas ! for the human family, it is a melancholy fact, that this question cannot be answered in the affirmative. Instead of an efficacious and effectual mode of treating diseases, the most pernicious and dangerous one is substituted ; which like the demon of destruction, has swept more from the earth than the wars of Europe.

There is a certain class of persons, who make pretensions to the healing art ; but, notwithstanding several hundred years' experience of their predecessors, are hardly able to cure a single disease. The science of medicine, in all its branches, is wretched beyond description. Poison, instead of salutary medicines, is daily administered. The article of mercury alone, denominated "the champion of the Materia Medica," has destroyed more lives than

the sword, famine, and pestilence. This poisonous mineral, like the knife and lancet, has scattered disease and death throughout the world. Some, having observed the vast quantities of medicine poured into the human system without benefit, have affirmed, that neither medicine nor art has any influence in the cure of diseases ; imputing their removal entirely to nature, or that principle denominated *vis medicatrix natura*. Dr. Reece thus remarks :—
 “Common sense, common honesty, and common humanity, are at variance with the present condition of medicine. Indeed, the experience of every day shows the necessity of a substantial, practical, and permanent remodelling of the profession. Physicians have basely sacrificed the health and lives of their fellow creatures, at the shrine of avarice and gain.”

The design of this work is to expose the present unhappy and deplorable state of medicine ; and the author pledges himself to prove these assertions. It is undertaken from the most conscientious motives, from a full conviction of its necessity. If it be asked, what is the use of such a publication ? I answer in the words of that venerable patriarch, the Rev. John Wesley—“The greatest that can possibly be conceived. Is it not needful in the highest degree, to rescue men from the jaws of destruction ; from wasting their fortunes, as thousands have done, and continue to do daily ; from pining away in sickness and pain, either through the ignorance or knavery of physicians ? yea, and many times throwing away their lives, after their health, time, and substance.” Regardless of obliging or disobliging any man living, an illustration of the present destructive mode of fashionable practice, is now undertaken ; anticipating, at the same time, the most implacable enemies, and a flood of calumny. For, says the celebrated Dr. Harvey, “he who professes to

be a reformer of the art of physic must expect to run the risk of the martyrdom of his life." It is confidently hoped, that all who "dare think for themselves," who regard their own health and the welfare of others, will read the sequel, pause and reflect.



THE above plate represents and exhibits to view, one of the most prominent means resorted to by the Faculty, under pretence of restoring sick people to health: and since the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, this practice of systematic butchering has been carried to a great extent. In the time of Dr. Rush, it raged, and many fell victims to death by this unnatural mode of treatment, and it still continues to have many tenacious supporters; and since this system of depletion has become established by law, to the exclusion of all others, the lancet has been continually unsheathed. In short, it is a practice so injurious in its nature, and so disgraceful to the science of Medicine, that poetry has no colors sufficient, and language wants expression to set it forth in a true light.

Figure 1, Represents the patient with the blood gushing from his arm, who, beholding the same vital fluid discharging from the hog, cries out in a tone of surprise, "what is the difference, Doctor?" and faints. The old lady, as represented by Figure 2, holding his head, exclaims, "he has fainted or dying, bring some water." The girl, as represented by Figure 3, brings the water and says, "use it freely mother, I am afraid it is too late." The Doctor, as represented by Figure 4, in answer to the above question, holding up his lancet, says, "this is healing, and that is killing," referring to the knife held in the hand of the butcher. The butcher, as repre-

sented in Figure 5, says, "suppose we counsel, our practices are alike, the effects appear to be the same, they both produce faintness and death." The man standing over the hog, as represented by Figure 6, says, "I am afraid it is too late, I believe he is dying, but I will use the water freely, and try to bring him to." Thus he tries to bring the hog to, by pouring water on his head, by the same method that they use to bring the man to.



THIS plate represents the doctor in the full career of his practice, in a case of the Fever-and-Agüe dealing out that harmless medicine, commonly known by the name of Rats Bane, deceiving the patient by calling it Arsenic, Quinine, or some other mild medicine. A farmer calls on the doctor for something to kill his rats; he then divides the papers, and shoving them over to him, says, "there is enough to kill ten thousand rats." "What is it?" says the farmer. "Rats Bane," says the doctor. "That is what I wanted." The patient hearing this, begins to be frightened, turns his head, and says "if that is your medicine I must settle my business, make my will, and prepare for a future state, by making peace with my God, for my time here is short. The medicine you was about to leave for me, you say will kill twenty thousand rats; my disorder is almost enough to kill me, and to take this

poison in addition to the disorder, makes me give up all hopes: I feel comfortable, warming myself by the stove, and I must either discharge you, or settle my business in this world."



THIS plate represents one class of men as superior beings, domineering over another.

It is to show the absurdity of the doctors in this plate, so the people can judge better of their usefulness or injury, at the present day. When their system first began, in the days of Esculapius and Hypocrates, their practice was simple, powerful, and efficacious in removing diseases, and their system was practiced then with more success than for centuries after. But it is now laid aside, and false and injurious practices instituted in its stead. But some people's eyes are opening to their danger; so the doctors are under the necessity of seeking Legislative aid for their support, and to prevent their darling system from tumbling to ruin.

The person raised upon a stool, and in the act of speaking, represents what was requested and what was granted. All persons who attend and study poison three years, and cut and mangle human bodies six months, are to be raised on law legs, and authorised to practice poison to the exclusion of all others, and become a privileged order of men, and thus ingenious and useful men (whom the faculty are indebted to for all the useful discoveries, Patent Pills, Powders, Drops, Tinctures, Ex-

tracts, &c. made in medicine,) are prevented from using any means for the relief of the sick, and consequently all improvements are stopped in this important science. They know if they are placed on a level with common people they cannot sell poison well, but when they are elevated on these legs of the Law, they are enabled to profit and grow rich at the expense of other people. The other person standing with his hat off, looking up with reverence to the doctor on Law legs, and hearing him thank the Legislature for their powerful growth, for, says the Doctor, "before the Quacks got all the business, but now they must stop, the staff is in our own hands, the people have got to take our medicine and poison, or not be doctored at all, and we will give what we please, and no tribunal can bring us to justice; we will steal the bodies of dead people, and if likely to be detected, hide them under the office floor, and if they are found there, it will be no evidence against us, and thus go clear: Bones fetch a good price, and if the legislature continues to lengthen our legs, and grant us privileges, the whole power and profit will be in our hands."

A WARNING TO PHLEBOTOMISTS.—A person, somewhat indisposed, applied to Dr. Beach of Bridgeport, Connecticut for relief. The Doctor immediately advised him to be bled. He accordingly submitted to the operation, which was attended with the most serious consequences. It paralyzed his whole arm, and entirely deprived him of the use of it. An action of damage was instituted by the patient against the physician, which excited much interest. It was defended by the most eminent counsellors in the state. Among whom was M. Sherman Esq. of Fairfield for the plaintiff. After three days trial the jury returned a verdict of \$500 for the unfortunate sufferer.



THIS picture will show by contrasting ancient with modern times, that antiquity and long standing of a system, is no just criterion by which we can judge of its merits or demerits. But few years since, New-England was inundated by a system of witchery which had its origin prior to the Christian Era, and which would have continued until this time, if the good citizens of America had not examined for themselves, and refused to encourage any system without first investigating it. In the reign of the Salem witchcraft, if a woman was suspected of being a witch, she was immediately apprehended and brought to trial, to test whether she was in reality one or not. The form of trial was, as is exhibited by the above plate; she was to be placed by means of a ladder on a tree, and the tree to be chopped down, and as she fell she was to be caught with a pitchfork, to prevent her escape. If the fall killed her she was no witch, but if it did not kill her she was considered as one, consequently she was to be hung on a gallows with a withe. As inhuman and brutal as this may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the life and happiness of the innocent old women were sported with in this horrible manner.



THIS plate exhibits to us the method of trying men supposed to be wizards, which was by throwing them into a stream of water, and if they sunk and drowned; they were no wizards, but if by striving, or by chance, they were likely to get across; they were wizards, and must be shot with silver balls.

The two not designated by numbers, represent the wizards which they are trying.

The man represented by Figure 2, says, pointing to the man lying in a horizontal position, that "there is no supernatural power, for he has risen the third time, and he is drowning; he is no wizard." The man represented by Figure 3, says, "the other is a wizard, for he is climbing out; make haste and load your gun, I fear he will get out and bewitch us." The man represented by Figure 4, says, "I am putting down two balls of silver, I shall

be ready for him by the time he gets half way out of the water."

Such was the ignorance and duplicity of the people of that day, that they would put a person on trial for the least supposed offence, for instance, a man should go across a neck of land on foot quicker than another could ride around, he would be considered possessed of witchcraft, for he could not have got there so quick without flying. Or if the old mare should kick the boards off the barn, or by kicking off flies she should get her foot into the stirrup, or if they should have to churn longer than usual to fetch the butter, or the cows refuse to give down the milk, the old woman would be accused of bewitching them, and considered as a witch. Oh! shame, where is thy blush? What will succeeding generations say? What will our children's children say a century hence? Will they not look back with astonishment and surprise at this, our day, to see the same method used to restore sick people to health, that is used to take the lives of rats and beasts? Will they not abhor, reject and despise it as much as we do the Salem witchcraft? Let the monuments of infamy erected to false and exploded systems answer.

We will now let the subject assume a more serious aspect, and proceed to examine the fair famed system of depletion practiced by Dr. Rush, and his disciples. Of the effects of this system the people of America have heard and felt enough, but of its origin many of them are totally ignorant. At the first breaking out of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia, Dr. Rush tells us he was baffled in almost every attempt to stop its ravages. "Heaven alone" says he, "bore witness to the anguish of my soul." But proceeds he in the same strain of egotism, "I did not abandon a belief that the disease might be cured," and again applied himself with fresh ardor

to the investigation of the Yellow Fever, and for a long time in vain; till at length being much struck with a certain passage of an old manuscript, in which the writer observed, that a timidity about the weakness of the body was of bad consequence, and that purges might be given, when the pulse was so low that it could hardly be felt." There, says Rush, I paused: a new train of ideas broke in suddenly upon my mind, my fears were gone: I adopted this theory and practice, and resolved to follow them. Having, "in a moment" formed this resolution, he very soon proceeded to put it in practice. The purge which he fixed upon was composed of 10 grs. of Calomel, and 15 of Jalap. To this purge, which the inventor sometimes called the Sampson of medicine, was added copious blood-letting; a most powerful co-operator! With these remedies, the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates" set to work, and he declared that there was no necessity for the people fleeing to the country, for the Yellow Fever was no longer a dangerous disease, but was now perfectly under the power of medicine, and that there was no more danger to be apprehended from it, than from the measles, influenza, or a common cold. Yet Doct. Currie, compelled by the calls of humanity, earnestly besought the poor deluded Philadelphians to open their eyes, to beware of the new remedies; for, said he, "the mode of treatment advised by Dr. Rush, cannot, in the Yellow Fever, fail of causing death."

Dr. Rush's associates were five of his former pupils, and five who yet remained under his care. Such were the Medical characters of whose concurrence and whose aid the doctor had to boast, besides a group of undisciplined practitioners: these were a Popish Priest, a German Apothecary, an Auctioneer, two old Women, and a brace of Negro Parsons; the Reverend Absalom Jones, and the Reverend Richard Allen. Of this motly squad, the two Rev-

erend Negroes appear to have been his favorites; for says he, "the success of these fellows was unparalleled by what is called regular practice." But ask any man, who had the mortification to be a spectator of their operations, and he will tell you what bloody work they made among the infatuated creatures who submitted to their treatment. When the reader casts his eye on the wretched, half-deserted city; when he sees Rush's sister, his pupils, and perhaps twenty apothecaries apprentices, besides; all making packets of Mercury; and when he sees the swift poison committed to the hands of old women and negroes, he will not be surprised at the fatal consequences: instead of astonishment at the vast increase of the bills of mortality, he will find ample occasion for thanksgiving, that a single man was left alive. But Rush, on the contrary, blessed God for the discovery he had made, and for the success of his practice. "I regret," says he, "that it is not in my power to furnish a list of the names of my patients, for a majority of them were poor people, whose names are still unknown to me." But this did not prevent him from recording the names of the minority; and, besides, poverty does not deprive men of their names; nor are the names of poor people any longer or more difficult to write down, than those of the rich.

He was not very delicate, God knows, in thrusting his remedies into vogue; and why should he be more delicate in obtaining proofs of their wonderful effects? How easily he might have obtained their names by calling upon all who had been cured by him, by advertising in the papers to have their names sent to his house; unless, indeed, they were all in the situation of the unfortunate woman, who was described to Rush, by Dr. Woodhouse; and who, after her recovery, could not recollect her name! Poor souls! if the doctor had advertised, few of

them would, I am afraid, have recollected their names.

“Fortunately, however, for Philadelphia, and unfortunately for Rush and his discovery, a bill of mortality was kept by the officers of the city. This bill of mortality, compared with the vaunts of the doctor, will enable any one to form a tolerably accurate judgment, not only of the truth of his statements, but of the saving effects of his remedies, as applied by himself and his numerous assistants.

The yellow fever of 1794 broke out on the first of August, and from that day to the 8th of September the number of deaths had been various, once as low as three, and once as high as forty-two. Now it was, that mercury and the lancet began to be put in motion, and I beseech you, reader, to mark their progress. “List! list! O list!”

On September the twelfth, Rush began to recommend his powders by public advertisement. He, at the same time, told the people not to leave the city; that there was no longer any danger, for that his discovery had put the fever on a level with the measles, the influenza, or a common cold. For some days previous to this, the ravages of the fever had become less alarming, the bill of mortality had fallen from forty-two to twenty-three per day; and as Rush had reduced the disease, in point of danger, to a level with a common cold, the poor Philadelphians, who were carried away by his noisy impudence, began to hail him as their deliverer from a calamity which they now looked upon as nearly at an end. But, death, who seems always to have had an implacable grudge against the Pennsylvanian “Hippocrates,” persecuted him, in the present instance, with more severity than ever; for, from the day on which Rush declared that his discovery had reduced the fever to a level with a common cold; from the day on which he promulgated the infallibility of his nostrum; from that day

did the bill of mortality begin to increase in a fearful degree, as will be seen by the following extract.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Deaths.</i>	<i>Days.</i>	<i>Deaths.</i>
Sept. 11 - -	23	Sept. 21 - -	57
12 - -	33	22 - -	76
13 - -	37	23 - -	68
14 - -	48	24 - -	96
15 - -	56	25 - -	87
16 - -	67	26 - -	52
17 - -	81	27 - -	60
18 - -	69	28 - -	51
19 - -	61	29 - -	57
20 - -	67	30 - -	63
Oct. 1 - -	74	Oct. 7 - -	82
2 - -	66	8 - -	90
3 - -	73	9 - -	102
4 - -	58	10 - -	93
5 - -	71	11 - -	119
6 - -	76		

Thus, you see, that though the fever was, on the 12th of September, reduced to a level with a common cold; though the lancet was continually unsheathed; though Rush and his subalterns were ready at every call, the deaths did actually increase; and, incredible as it may seem, this increase grew with that of the very practice which saved more than ninety-nine patients out of a hundred! Astonishing obstinacy! Perverse Philadelphians! Notwithstanding there was a man in your city, who could have healed you at a touch, you continued to die! Notwithstanding the precious purges were advertised at every corner, and were brought even to your doors, and besides by old women and negroes; notwithstanding life was offered you on terms the most reasonable and accommodating, still you per-

sisted in dying! Nor did barely dying content you. It was not enough for you to reject the means of prolonging your existence, but you must begin to drop off the faster from the moment that those means were presented to you; and this, for no earthly purpose, that I can see, but the malicious one of injuring the reputation of the "saving angel," whom "a kind Providence had sent to your assistance!"

But, it was not only amongst the people in general that the doctor met with this mortifying perverseness, even the members of his own household, those who dipped in the same dish with him, and who were to share in his honors, seem, in like manner, to have conspired against the fame of his discovery, for, of his sister, and five pupils, all of whom were attacked with the fever, *four* had the ingratitude to seal, with their death, the condemnation of his practice."

And they had all the life-preserving purges, continually under their fingers; yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, there died no less than four out of the six. Such, reader, was the origin; and such were the first blessed fruits, of the far-famed system of depletion. Well might Dr. Currie call upon his fellow-citizens, to open their eyes! Well might he assure them that Rush's yellow fever remedies were "certain death." When, therefore, the yellow fever again broke out in 1797, the chariot of the mighty "Hippocrates," began again to rattle along the lanes and alleys; the secret of "undisciplined "practitioners" were again taking the field; the Reverend negroes had tucked up the sleeves of their garberdine, and were preparing to draw the lancet and throw away the scabbard. Purge and bleed! purge and bleed!! resounded through the half-deserted city, while the responsive howlings of the dogs, "gave dreadful note of preparation."

Frigid indeed must have been my feelings, or cowardly must have been my heart, if, with a public print, such as I held in my hand, I had in a scene like this, remained a silent spectator. Far was it from me to think of a course so dishonorable. I thought I saw approaching all the horrors of 1793, and both my interest and my duty commanded me to endeavor to avert them.

For writing *medical* essays; for controverting *scientifically* the wild positions of Rush and his adherents, I acknowledged myself then, as I now do, totally unqualified. To the charges of ignorance in medicine, brought against me by the great 'Hippocrates,' I might indeed have found a triumphant reply in his own book on the Yellow Fever; I might have produced himself; I might have quoted the passages, where he asserts, that the success of the two negroes, in curing the yellow fever, was 'unparalleled by what was called regular practice;' that a hundred things are taught in the common schools, less useful, 'and many things more difficult than the knowledge that would be necessary to cure a yellow fever, or the plague;' and that 'all the knowledge necessary to discover when blood-letting is proper, *might be taught to a boy or a girl of twelve years in two hours!*' I taught it,' adds he, '*in less time* to several persons during our late epidemic!'—'It is time,' exclaims he in another place, 'to take the cure of pestilential fevers *out of the hands of physicians* and to place it *in the hands of the people!*'—I might have shown that he very highly applauded the conduct of the popish priest, who exhorted the other physicians 'to renounce the pride of science, *and adopt the new remedies.*'—I might in, in short have proved most satisfactorily, that, according to the written assertions of this impudent innovator, I was duly and amply qualified to approve of, or to condemn, any mode of treating the yellow fever;

and indeed had I been fool or knave enough to join his troop of moc doctors, I could probably have talked very learnedly about 'bleeding as white as Jersey veal,' about 'washing the guts,' and shaking the gall bladder; nay, it is possible that I could have equalled even the Pennsylvanian 'Hippocrates' in that butcher-like dialect, which is so admirably calculated to vulgarise the medical profession, and to brutalize the human frame.



A private conversation between a Physician and an Apothecary, concerning the statute regulating the practice of Physic and Surgery, and the mode of obtaining a livelihood by their fraudulent and pernicious conduct.

Dr. Good Evening, Sir: I am glad to meet you; to relate to you the new law that has just past the House.

A. What new law, sir?

Dr. This staff and crutch that I stand on, is the law; and I think that our legislature bids fair to make a good pair of legs for us. We had our leg lengthened by the old statute, and now they have given us the crutch to match it. If they will take the crutch and leg that they have lengthened, and make the people give us fifteen dollars a year, each, whether sick or well, we should not want the assistance of the law, for legs.

A. I am glad to see the legislature so engaged in our behalf.

Dr. So am I. We have tried them every year, and never received so much encouragement, until November, 1827.

A. We ought to have been encouraged long before the root doctors, or hemlock doctors had become so numerous. One of my neighbors worked hard and got sweaty, then rode on his sleigh, and took cold, and was threatened with a fever; one of the root fools came and gave him some peppermint tea, and sweated him with hemlock, and the next day he was nearly well.

Dr. Yes, I'll warrant you: that is what makes us dread their progress so; and if one of the faculty had been called, we should have bled him, and lengthened out his sickness to increase the bill: altho' I tell you this in confidence, that it will not go from you in this color or light. Our practice is bad, as you know, and cannot be otherwise. I buy the medicine of you, and you know it is mostly poison; and that is not all, when we get a chance to try experiments, we do it. I will mention two cases. One man lost a piece of his nose, by accident, and I scalped him to patch his nose. In another case, a child had the inflammation in his bowels, and I bled it twice, and the disorder was then removed to his head; I lastly bled it in the neck.

A. I am frightened, doctor! Did the child live?

Dr. No, you fool! how did you think the child would live when bled twice in its arm, and once in the neck.

A. How did the man get along, doctor?

Dr. The same that any one would that should have his forehead skinned, and had not broke his skull. This is nothing to what I can tell you. Our medicine will cut as harsh in the stomach and bowels as the knives will on the outside. Recollect

what you have seen at funerals; the mouths of children so destroyed by poison, as to show their teeth through the cheeks.

A. I am surprised doctor; at all this: I never saw it so plain before; altho' I knew what was going on!

Dr. What I have related is nothing to what we have done towards robbing the people of their rights. Twenty years ago, the women did all the midwifery, and we faught them out of the branch. It has been a great help to us; but a great slaughter has been made among the women and children, besides the extravagant bills, too great to mention. The people begin to think there is something wrong, but we tell them that we know, and that is enough.

A. That is right, doctor, but your profession does shake, and you must stick, or you are gone.

Dr. Yes, I see that, very plainly; but if we could smash the quacks, as we smashed the old women in their business, that would do.

A. I presume you can, if you hang tight, altho' they are strong and wilful.

Dr. So are we, and if the law improves in our favor as it has for a few years past, we shall have the government, property, and lives of the people in our hands.

A. And that you ought to have, and make poor men work for one shilling a day. Those times are good, and your law legs would not then be wanted.

Dr. Yes, that is what we want; and we would hang the quacks, or root doctors, for fear they would expose us in our conduct.

A. Yes, that is what ought to be done to all those that do not believe in poison, to be used as medicine.

Dr. We are troubled in the same manner the preachers were, when the bible was first translated, so that every man could read and pray for himself.

A. Yes, and that was bad for them; because it

did not compel them to hear nor pay; but every man was worthy of his hire, and if he hired, he must pay.

Dr. Well, you know that was the new law. Our fathers fought for liberty, and it was thought more of then, than it is now.

A. Well, I know that, doctor.

Dr. We want to have the mechanics study seven years, so that if there are some smart ones, and some thick heads, they can begin together, and make a law to support them all, and set liberty aside: I want the same law put in force;—if the people will not take my medicine, they shall pay the same as if they did: because our study is great on the human system to know how much calomel it would take to salivate or physic a man, and where to bleed in the neck or arm, and where to cut out patches in the face, or on the legs.

A. Yes, that will do. It is bad to study so long, and have no employ, or use for such medicine and treatment.

Dr. I know that; so we must press it on slow, and keep the people blind; for if they see our iniquity, they will rise and fight for liberty again.

A. Be careful, and you will do well enough; because your study is to make the people believe you, and not believe their own eyes.

Dr. Yes, that is true, but there are many rascals telling the people not to believe us, and our doctrine, and that our theory of medicine is not true; and the common people do not hesitate to stop and contend with us whenever they meet us, and dictate to us in giving medicine.

A. That is a shame on professional men; but if you do not press on strong, I am afraid that you will lose your legs, and sink on a par with the quacks of the country. And if *we* do, you are gone, and our race is run for ever, not to return. My shop is sunk with your skill.

Dr. Do not be discouraged, I have not told half that I could, but must tell this in confidence, and you must keep it from the people.

A. Never mind, I will keep it as sacred as the Bible, and that is what I do.

Dr. This plan that our society is upon, is raising monopoly to a great pitch; but it will stand, if we can keep the people blind as to our doings. I will relate it more plainly. We might as well get a law that a man should not help another out of the river that was drowning, without he had law legs on, as to say he should not help one that was in distress, without law legs on; or that part of the lawyers should stop while the others got rich.

A. I am glad that you have been so successful for your and my good. I believe in popularity, and that has been of as long standing as your practice has been: I believe that there are as many witches now as there ever was, if we could make people believe it: but the times are altered,—the weighing of papers to determine the balance of accounts in court, skipple stones to balance grists when going to mill, and witches, are all out of date.

Dr. Yes, and (betwixt you and I,) the common practice ought to be, also. I meet with trouble with patients every day; they make me tell what medicines I deal to them, and they will not take any if there is vitrol or nitre, rats-bane, aqua fortis, or calomel in it: and if I throw these away, I cannot practice any more.

A. I see you meet with serious difficulty with the times; but we hope for better, and it bids fair, think, to be so.

Dr. We have tried the legislature very hard for three or four years, to make a law to break down opposition. They have altered the law; but on more mature reflection, I fear the alteration may operate rather against than for us. They have tak

off the twenty-five dollar fine, and left the penalty to the discretion of the court. The people when left to their unbiased judgment, are not friendly to monopolise; and the increasing liberality of the age, will incline our courts, I fear, to favor the notion of having the choice of one's physicians to the individuals who are most interested in employing him. But we tell the people that the law is in our favor, and that the quacks must stop; and if they could be put down, it would be well for us, as you know.

A. Yes; and then we should be the guardians for the people.

Dr. Yes, in this enlightened land of liberty which our fathers fought and bled for.

A. That is a bold push, Doctor.

Dr. Well you know that liberty will not do when there is falsehood, poison and witches.

A. I see you understand your business, and I wish you success in your career. I am in a hurry and my time is short. I should be pleased to meet you again and talk on this important subject.

Dr. Do not be in haste, it seems as though I could not part with one of my friends since I heard of the new law. My mind has been somewhat perplexed between hope and fear, as to the effect of the new law. But I have so far succeeded with those persons by whom I wished to be trusted. Since the alteration of the law, I can get trusted where I could not get one cent before. Since the pretended new law came out, I have got me a new hat and coat on credit.

A. That is encouraging, Doctor. I will tell you some of my Christian principles, although I repent every day for it. I hope it will do, but I often feel bad about it. You know there is a great variety of patent pills, drops, powders, &c. left with us to sell.

What do we do? That which sells best we will counterfeit, and sell it for the genuine kind.

Dr. What do your buyers say?

A. Not much, when we have our great stock of poison to prepare patent medicine out of, instead of the growth of the country.

Dr. I thought you were all honest.

A. We be, as the gallows. What goes down the throat, is as sure of the work as the rope around the neck.

Dr. When the people are sick, they want good medicine.

A. Fool! do you not know that we must live by our trade? When our medicine comes to New-York, the shipper's profit is small, and he must adulterate it, or counterfeit it, and then it is too strong. We put it into rye dough, roll it into pills, and what they do not kill, you get, Doctor.

Dr. What you have stated, I have witnessed, and my patients more;—because lingering complaints, hectic and consumption follow.

A. Well, we must help one another into business.

Dr. Yes. I fear our time is short, and it is time for us to be called to repentance. It does appear that the veil of darkness is broke, and the people begin to see the dawn of day.

A. If that is true, God have mercy upon us, and those that have been snatched from time to eternity, with our pretended patent medicines.

Dr. Yes; and those lives that have been trifled with, by experiments from our hands; and women and children in child-bed, also.

A. I begin to repent of what I have done; when I reflect back, it fairly makes me shudder. How often do I see horse thieves, and counterfeiters arraigned up for their crimes: but what is that to my crime?

Dr. Nothing, after reflecting one moment. Bad money is the loss of property, and the same when

the horse is stolen; and bad medicine is the worst of counterfeiting.

A. What is our property to our lives?

Dr. Nothing, or not the weight of a straw.

A. Then our sins are unpardonable.

Dr. What is our property to our health? Nothing, because we may have all the riches in the world, and we cannot enjoy any thing, unless we have our health.

A. I believe that, Doctor; a man had better be poor and well, than rich and sick.

Dr. Lord have mercy! every idea I hear advanced, gives me trouble to my fate.

A. I feel as though I wanted to ask forgiveness of the whole world.

Dr. You have spoken my mind in full. But I think that God could not forgive us, if the people would.

A. Then how shall we settle our crime, Doctor?

Dr. I am drowned in tears; wait for a moment—it cannot be settled.

A. Why, Doctor?

Dr. You know that medicine has snatched our friends off suddenly, and gave them no chance to repent, so we must answer for their sins. I begin to be humble, and this ought to be published to the world.

A. So I think, Doctor, and let every man be his own guardian, and employ whom he pleases, for the law says, that “the laborer is worthy of his hire.” I have no more to-night.

Dr. Nor have I, for I am full as I can be; but next time we meet, I hope this scene of utter darkness will be open, and we can see our way clear.

A. Yes, that is what I do, Doctor, I hope that our wickedness will be no more. I feel struck under conviction, so I must bid you good night, Doctor.

Dr. You have spoke my mind in full; if you see any chance for us, call and let me know it.

Another horrid law now exists: that is, if a man dies in the state prison, he is given to the doctors for dissection, as they call it: but they cut and boil the flesh, and sell the bones for profit. This law goes to the most outrageous lengths. It robs the tomb of its just due;—it certainly must have been passed without reason, reflection, or any due regard to human feelings;—it gives that away, which nothing short of the Almighty ought to take the charge of. It must be allowed that the mangling of dead bodies does not hurt *them*; but the friends or relation must bear the thoughts of having their children cut and mangled by that class of men called doctors. This law reminds me of a trait in the character of our Indians, who, if they get angry at a man, and cannot otherwise injure him, will punish or kill his relatives. If the physicians want subjects to dissect, let them take their own wives or children, when dead. If the legislature think that they ought to take the charge of the prisoners bodies, it is for some cause. It can be for no other, as I can see, than to defray the expense of trial: then let them hold the bodies in security according to the expense incurred. If one dies after his services in prison have paid all expenses, let him be buried: if not, let a crier go through the streets, and cry the body for sale, and likewise give the friends and relatives a chance to know of his death. There is at present, no means provided for the relatives to learn the death of these unfortunates; but with very little trouble on the part of the keepers, they might be informed. If the body be not taken by the relatives, let it be auctioned; and if the doctors bid the most, let them have it; and let the money be paid into the treasury of the county where he was convicted.

Nature, reason, and common sense, are greatly opposed to the practice at this day. Twenty-five years ago there was not one physician to whom

there is ten now. When they began to increase, their business could not support them: they then began to quarrel with the old women about midwifery, and soon quarrelled them out of their branch of the business. This added much to their profits, besides furnishing an easy introduction to other familiarities in families. They continued to press poison on the people as medicine, and the fevers would run longer, if the patient was rich, than tho' he was poor; and the people began to get their eyes open. Then these regular physicians, as they call themselves, began to complain about quacks, or root doctors getting their business. Then they pressed the legislature (now full of doctors,) to make laws for their special benefit. A law was passed that physicians might have all the bodies that died in the States Prison. The sale of the bones of anatomical subjects gave them some support. But this was not enough; a law was likewise procured by their management that the quacks should pay \$25 if they practiced and received pay. It was no crime to practice; but the crime consisted in taking pay; perhaps a year or three years after. This step was taken to discourage all botanists who would wish to practice with safe, cheap, and good medicine: but they failed in their object: they could not hunt up the criminal where the patient was well, and willing to pay. They found that this law was not severe enough; so they pressed to have it so amended as to make it a misdemeanor to practice at all, and punishable with fine and imprisonment, and have at length effected that object. When the person is imprisoned, who practices without license, he is out of their way, and does not trouble them when in prison, by getting away their business. Those laws show their nakedness in all their native deformity, and the people are becoming awake to their danger.

REMARK. If poison minerals are good in eradicating disease, will mild vegetable medicine be good?

If poison minerals make a well man sick, can they make a sick man well?



A plain view of the present method of practice pursued by the Physicians.

When a man is sick, he is like one sunk fast in the mud. What does the doctor say? You are strong and full of blood, and you must be reduced below the disease; or in other words, you are already sunk waist deep, you must be crowded up to your neck in the mud, before it will do to help you out. He begins in like manner. The person is able to walk the room; his arm is corded—one quart of blood is taken—ten grains of calomel is given—blisters are plied—salt petre and opium left to use through the night—water-gruel to nourish the body—by this time he is fastened to the pillow—watchers are wanted to give the remainder of the medicine. Next visit fever high—one more quart of blood is taken—calomel and jalap left, and more blisters drawn on the limbs and body. By this time three watchers are needed, one to give medicine, one to throw water on his face to keep him from fainting, and one to fan him to keep him alive. Here he is, up to his neck in mud; bled with the lancet, skinned with Spanish flies, and gutted with calomel. Counsel is called to keep this mode of killing popular. They often agree, but quarrel to know which shall attend the patient afterwards. But if given over by them, and nature is sufficient to overcome the disease, and those instruments of death or poison, and the patient recovers, he is like a man with his foot in a bear trap, he neither lives nor dies. He is neither fit for himself nor any body

also, languishing out a miserable existence. Ask what is the matter? The reply is, that 'fever has broken my constitution.' Others who have their eyes open say, 'that poison I took, almost killed me. My teeth are loose, my bones are rotten, and my flesh is sore. I cannot eat, and when I do, the food lies like a wedge in my stomach : it does not digest at all. My stomach has been destroyed by minerals; and through the imposition practiced on me by calling them medicines. This is the first sickness I ever had;—I have, however, proved these remedies of the doctors to be much worse than the disorders. I am surprised to see the people so duped with the doctor's blarney.' If you should get into the mud, and calling on your neighbor to help you out, he should tell you that he must get on your shoulders, and thrust you up to your neck to get you out, what would you say? You would discharge your neighbor at once, and call on another that would aid your struggles, or you would lie as you were, and not oppose nature; but in the case of the disorder, you would assist nature by the use of such remedies as tended to remove the obstruction.

THE DOCTOR AND QUAKER.

A Quaker was walking in the town of —, in company with a learned doctor. In the course of conversation, the *Friend* mentioned the many false, needless, and hurtful fashions and customs of the day; and many institutions which he considered useless; he also observed that many things were wrongly named, mentioning the particulars.

As they proceeded, they came to a *medical college*. "Friend, (said the doctor) do you think this building is rightly named? No, replied the Quaker. 'If you were to put a sign on this building, (said

the doctor) what would you have on it?" Indeed, said the Friend, if I were to do justice to the building, by giving a true sign, I would have an horse and rider painted *pale*, with this text under the man and horse Rev. vi. 8. "And I looked, and behold a *pale* horse; and his name that sat on him was *death*, and hell followed with him."

Rush had attended a gentleman for some time, when the patient finding himself grow worse under the infallible remedies, proposed the calling in of another physieian. "With all my heart, my *dear friend*," said Rush; upon which the gentleman named doctor Khun. "No," replied the modest son of Mercury, "I will never consult with Khun!" "If you will not attend with doctor Khun," said the gentleman, "*he must attend without you*; that is all." A few days afterwards, Rush, seeing Khun going to his old patient, called out to him: "He is out of danger already; I defy you to kill him!"—"Why," replied Khun, "after his passing through *your hands*, he may, indeed, safely set death at defiance."

Mr. Barry, a respectable citizen, sometime in the course of last summer, applied to an apothecary for a dose of the cream of tartar, in place of which he received tartar emetic; he had no sooner taken a small portion of it, than he was thrown into the most violent puking and spasms. A physician was immediately sent for, who administered fifteen grains of white vitriol. Death soon followed. Query, which killed the man, the tartar emetic, or the white vitriol?

It is said that a young man having finished his studies upon fashionable minerals, opium, blistering, issues, setons, &c set out in search for a place. On his way he met an old man, a Quaker, with whom he had been acquainted. Sir, said the young man, how shall I make the people know I am a doctor? "I will tell thee friend, when thou hast found a place, I advise thee to buy about a dozen ducks, and they will tell the people where thou art, for they will constantly say *quack! quack! quack!* and by this, the people will all find thee."

"Dr. Rush, in that emphatic style which is peculiar to himself, calls mercury the *Sampson* of medicine. In his hands, and in those of his partizans, it may, indeed, be compared to Sampson; for I verily believe, they have slain more Americans with it, than ever Sampson slew of the Philistines. The Israelite slew his thousands, but the Rushites have slain their tens of thousands."

THE PREACHER.

Rom. iii. 16.—*Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known*

There are no men on earth on whom so much is depending, as on doctors, as it respects this life; and there are no men, according to their books, who, in my view, use such destructive things as they give. The account given of the sick woman, and of those who tended her, seem applicable in this case, Mark v. 25, 26. "And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many *physicians*, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but

rather grew worse," &c. It appears that their way was destructive, and led to misery; for the poor woman, in addition to twelve years' sickness, suffering, and loss of property, was in a worse condition than at the beginning.

Without going back eighteen hundred years, we may see a proof of the destructive and miserable way of treating the sick and dead in our day, and near our dwellings. One says, my child had a disorder in her eyes; I applied to a doctor, and she soon became *blind*, and so must remain until she dies. Another, my child was unwell, the doctor gave her mercury, and she has wholly lost the use of her arm to this day. A third says, I had a fever, the doctor salivated me; and I have lost all my teeth. Another, I was sick, all my hair come off, and so I remain. Another, I had a fever, and took calomel, and a shock of the palsy followed. Another, my child had a fever, the doctor shaved his head, and blistered it; he became delirious, and died. Another says, my sister was sick and restless, the doctor gave her opium, she fell asleep and never woke again. Another, I had a fever, it, or the mercury, fell into my leg, and caused a running sore from that time. A stranger comes forward and says, my child took cold in his arm, I applied to a doctor, who attended him almost half a year, until he had three sores on his arm, his elbow stiff, but little appetite, with the loss of his health, and a large bill to pay, and the child worse at the end than at the beginning. And why all this destruction and misery? Because poison was administered instead of medicine, or because the difficulties were not rightly managed.

In addition to all this, witness the destruction of human bodies after they are dead, and the misery of friends on hearing what has been done to the dead, by men professing to be friends to the sick and distressed.

How great is Calomel, the Goddess of Diabol

1. Quacks of the highest rank,
To pay their fees would break a Bank,
Since wisdom, science, art, and skill,
Seems all compris'd in Calomel.
2. Since Calomel's become their toast,
How many patients have they lost—
How many thousands do they kill,
Or poison with their Calomel.
3. Howe'er their patients may complain,
Of head or heart, of nerve or vein,
Of fevers high, or parts that swell,
Their remedy in Calomel.
4. When Mr. A— or B— is sick,
Go fetch the Doctor and be quick,
The Doctor comes of free good will,
But ne'er forgets his Calomel.
5. He takes his patient by the hand,
And complements him as a friend,
He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
And then deals out his Calomel.
6. He turns upon his patient's wife,
Have you clean paper, ma'am, and knife;
I think your husband might do well
To take a course of Calomel.
7. He then deals out the fatal grains,
With opium, to ease his pains,
Once in three hours at sound of bell,
Give him a dose of Calomel.
8. He leaves his patient in her care,
And bids good night with graceful air,

- In hopes bad humors to expel,
 She freely gives the Calomel.
- 9. The man reclines upon his bed,
 And o'er the pillow leans his head,
 Like hunted harts upon the hill,
 He pants and drills with Calomel.
- 10. His neighbors they flock in to see
 The dire effects of Mercury.
 What is it so affects the smell?
 'Tis putrid fumes of Calomel.
- 11. The man grows worse quite fast indeed,
 Go call a council, ride with speed,
 The council comes like post or mail,
 And orders him more Calomel.
- 12. The man in death begins to groan,
 The fatal job for him is done,
 No fault is found, the doctor's bill
 Is forty pounds for Calomel.
- 13. The funeral charges must be paid,
 And under ground the body laid,
 The lawyer executes the will,
 And pays the charge for Calomel.
- 14. Now Calomel has lost his name,
 And hidrug plays his deadly game,
 And does his office work fulfil,
 As faithfully as Calomel.
- 15. Physicians of my former choice,
 Receive my council, take advice,
 Be not offended though I tell
 I'm not so fond of Calomel.

19. And when I must resign my breath,
Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid you all a long farewell,
Without hidrug or Calomel.

MODERN PRACTICE.

Much horrid torture every day,
Amongst our neighbor's we survey,
If done by Indians it would kill,
If by learned doctors it is skill.

The lancet's us'd to take the blood,
The poisonous mercury for our good,
They nitre give to kill the heat,
They tell the patient not to eat;

They opium give to ease the pain;
This kills in part then live again,
To take the life which doth remain,
They then the lancet use again.

The blister's us'd to help distress,
And break the patient of his rest,
With setons they will tear the skin,
With physic clear what is within.

The tortur'd victim now must die,
The worms have kill'd him is their cry,
Or else the time the Lord hath sent,
Our healing power can't death prevent

This is the place some moderns fill,
Where one is cur'd there's ten is kill'd,
We now presume to tell those tales,
That death's a cure that never fails.